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INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.—AN ALLEGORY.

IN ancient times a people dwelt at the base of an immense mountain. It was a region of perpetual mist in consequence of which they were subject to many inconveniences. The continual absence of a clear sky became irksome. The continual dampness produced diseases. They had a presentiment that, if they could gain the summit of the mountain, they would find in the more elevated position a dwelling place more agreeable and salubrious. They would get rid of the hated fog and all its consequences. Their range of vision would be more extensive. Besides no one had ascended the mountain. The farther any one had gone the more delightful was the air and the prospect. What if we could reach the summit, thought they; what might we not find there? So ardent became this desire for a change that it added energy to their naturally indolent disposition. But the great question was, how to ascend. The ascent was gradual at first; but they had an idea not very clear indeed, that after rising a little way it would become steeper. Besides they could see no summit and the mountain before them seemed as a common mountain would appear to an animalcule. Some at length bolder, more energetic, more restless started with a determination to go as far as they could. Each one took his own course and each one found a little different path. Some would make greater advances than others. Steeper and more difficult the way constantly became. When a

passage had been once made it was easy to follow. Thus though they started separate, there was a constant tendency in each one to fall into the path of any who had preceded him. When one above was seen to have gained any eminence it was immediately signified to the other. The selfish and ambitious would envy the fortunate climber. In vain would they endeavour to keep their followers. At length they themselves would get into the track of the foremost. The consequence of this state of things was to keep them all together. The most daring and most active would ever fix their eyes on some point before them for which they would aim. Sometimes they would reach a table land of considerable extent. Here they would rest awhile. Their less active followers would overtake them. The path to the eminence would be beaten solid and made smooth and comparatively easy of access. Even children would gain the table land. Here they would often remain for some time to examine whatever novelties there might be, and enjoy whatever pleasure they could find. Still above them were those giddy heights, to which they would often turn with a wishful eye. Though the mist at first seemed less thick than in the vale, yet after a little, by contrast with the imaginary summit, it became intolerable. Their restlessness would return and again some hardy adventurer would start off. Now however it was manifest that all their climbing had been to little purpose. The rugged cliffs the high perpendicular ascent, baffled all their attempts. In vain would they go back a little and advancing at full speed endeavour by springing to catch some overhanging branch, or gain some slight foothold. It would have been amusing to see their jumping and their falling if they had not manifested such earnestness and such despair as excited pity. What was to be done? Should all their brilliant imagining never be realized? Should they never gain that complete satisfaction which could be obtained only on the summit of the mountain.

Some were unwilling to give up the ascent and surrounded by the fog they vainly fancied that by a change of position they might find some accessible spot. The clear-sighted however despaired. They had examined the whole ascent and pronounced the thing impossible. Many discouraged, desisted from the at-

tempt, so that it was left in the hands of a few to find a passage, and these were not the strongest or most sensible. To all appearance therefore they must be content to remain where they were. Still the inconvenience and danger of remaining were felt by all. The longer they remained the greater was their dissatisfaction. He would be a public benefactor who could discover some way of ascending. Many would have been the attempts therefore if it had not been for the apparent impossibility. At length the idea struck one that they had not started at the proper place. The base of the mountain was very extensive and with the experience they had gained in climbing they might be able to succeed at some other point. This was a resolute conception implying a willingness to undergo a great amount of labour. There was however much opposition. Shall we look upon all our labour as good for nothing? Besides what pledge have we that after again ascending we may not come to equal difficulties? To them it seemed best to continue where they were, and if they could ascend no higher, to make that their permanent residence. Not only did they refuse to make trial from another point; they threw hindrances in the way of others and even endeavoured to prevent them by force. All opposition however was overcome. Again they ascended and reached inaccessible heights. Again they returned and commenced anew. Often was this round repeated. Age after age saw them toiling on. The labour of ascent was the inheritance left by each generation to their successors. Sometimes they were idle; sometimes discouraged. Sometimes they would try again the deserted paths of their ancestors. Commonly they were soon forsaken. The grass grew over them and the curious antiquarian alone traversed them.

They have never yet succeeded in reaching the summit. It is doubtful whether their expectations will ever be realized. However their improved condition and their experience have abundantly rewarded them for their efforts.

THE INTELLECTUAL ELEMENT OF ELOQUENCE.

THERE is a misapprehension, as to the degree, and character, of the intellectual element requisite in eloquence. It is based on the assumption that conviction is a consequence of persuasion, and not persuasion a consequence of conviction; and has led to a substitution of the mute oratory of action, and the sobbing cadences of voice, and the pomp of imagery for argumentation. These popularities are not only a departure from the methods of the great orators of the world, but the assumption is the result of an erroneous view of the relation of the understanding, and the passions. If we turn to the masterpieces in this department, we are struck with the marked dissimilarity. They are utterly destitute of rhetorical parade, and passionate declamation, and the beautiful forms in which imagination embodies the conceptions of the mind. They consist of inductions, demonstrations and conclusions bathed in passion. Their characteristics are strength, vehemence and intensity. Imagination appears, not in the exuberance and profusion of metaphors, but in the higher exercise of bringing all things into unity, that each part from the exordium to the peroration forms a note in the harmony of the whole. But this logic of the heart not only varies from accredited standards, it is likewise theoretically false. It regards the emotions and the understanding as separated by an impassable chasm, the one as isolated in a world of thought, the other as ruling in the domain of action. This, to say the least, is scarcely self evident. The fact that our conduct does not coincide with our convictions, is not decisive. Abstract truths like those other abstractions, the creations of popular superstition, may hover around the path of guilt, and barb the stings of conscience, yet still be impotent before the unremitting demands of appetite, or the violences of passion, or the allurements of crime. The royal criminal trembled as he listened to the strenuous argumentation of Paul, and yet remained wedded to vice. The intellect and the soul are not destitute of communion. Persuasion always follows, and is the result of conviction. The argument indeed

may not be expressed in logical forms and syllogisms. There are other utterances for thought besides language. Long processes of reasoning may be expressed by a limb maimed in the service of our country; by a form wasted in the service of humanity; or by the morning as it breaks in a golden ripple on the shores of night. To all this there is usually one brief objection. It is that the substitution of appeals to the passions, instead of appeals to the reason, are found most effectual in accomplishing the purposes of the orator, and therefore, however they may vary from authority, or falsify theory, good sense would dictate their employment. If this alleged success be limited to the masses, it is undoubtedly true. With them passionate declamation does effect its object. Its object is to excite and agitate and inflame; and it does excite and agitate and inflame, and then passes away like footsteps in the desert, or characters on water. But with the educated and cultivated such addresses are utterly impotent. All the vehemence of stimulated passion leaves them frigid; or if moved by any emotion it is one of humor at the implacability of these personages, as they lash themselves into a tempest of wrath, and step from the summit of one assumption to another, amid the thunders of declamation; or of indignation at beholding facts fused in the heated furnace of their imaginations, and then reproduced, stamped with their own moral deformity. We may disguise it from ourselves as we please, but without strength of thought, all other things are worthless. Unsubstantiated assertions cannot successfully usurp the place of reasoning. The blushes of fancy will not atone for the evidences of demonstration. We may attempt to bolster up our ideas by warmth of manner or expression; we may pretend to define the angles of our thoughts by a parade of argumentative precision; but our inherent weakness, the tremblings of the mental paralytic are plainly discernable through the transparent drapery of affectation.

The true orator combines harmoniously all the elements of eloquence, and addresses himself to the whole man. Not only does he express truths so that they may be apprehended by the intellect, but he embodies them in all forms of grace and grandeur. His imperial fancy renders tributary the domains of art and nature.

The felicities of illustration, the beauties of diction, the irregular but rhythmic harmonies of prose, and all the charms of elegant investiture are made subsidiary to his purposes; and using these, he speaks to all time, and triumphs in the triumphs of truth.

HOW I BECAME A TEE-TOTALLER.

It was in August 183—, the day after commencement, that I left the venerable halls of Yale, to spend a few days with my friend R—, at his home in H—, one of the prettiest villages on the eastern coast of New England. My friend had just graduated—undistinguished it is true by literary honors, but rejoicing in a widespread reputation as the best of good fellows. In this character as a companion he was remarkable for a certain solemn joviality, which well becoming doubtless, the profession he was looking forward to, and very like a similar characteristic of his great prototype and exemplar, the respectable Sir Bob Sawyer, (late Nockernorf,) of Laut St. in the Borough,—whom he also resembled in another respect, his affection for the rosy.

As for myself, I had been in my Sophomore days, a very Puck for love of mad prank and mischief; of fertile invention, and bold execution in all those exploits which that class in college are usually supposed to excel in. Now, however, a newly fledged Senior, I had of course put aside these childish things, and was cultivating the gravity and dignity so suitable to the exalted and responsible character of the station. I set up too as a great reader,—commenced a course of English literature upon the most approved system, and had already distinguished myself at the several libraries of College as the indefatigable taker-out of old quartos, and sets of ten volumes. Yet even now, I could not entirely shake off a certain subterranean reputation, which Madame Rumour would at times, in connection with sundry dark occurrences, insist on bestowing on me,—though I managed to stand well with that large class of sober six-footers (ministers in prospective,) whom the granite hills of northern Connecticut sends down annually, to bal-

last the light materials that congregate at Yale. By them, (and therefore by the faculty,) I had the good fortune to be considered a decidedly—reformed character, serious, deeply in love with metaphysics, and affecting Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, and the Yale Literary Magazine. How far I deserved this reputation I will not here say: I purpose giving now but one chapter of my confessions. Some of my friends too, insisted upon calling me a susceptible youth—one peculiarly open to the attractions of the fair sex—and these if they knew of it, would cite as a proof, this visit to my friend R——, to which I confess, the fame of his fair haired sister Judith, as the belle of all that region, was the main inducement. At the previous commencement, she had shone unrivalled, “the cynosure of every eye,—sparkling wit as with beauty; and now under the most favorable auspices, introduced by her brother, as an intimate friend of great literary abilities—the Addison, the Coleridge of College, (so he had represented me,) I was to make her acquaintance.

The shadows of one of the hottest and most dusty of the dog-days were lengthening fast, when the stage set us down among the lofty elms of my friend's home in H——. The family consisting of my friend's mother and sister and two maiden aunts, were all absent upon an afternoon visit, some five miles in the country, and would not return till late in the evening. After refreshing ourselves with an hour's rest and tea, upon R——'s proposal, we sauntered out for a stroll into the country during the interval. 'Twas a delicious evening, with a glorious sunset. A thousand crimson islands lay floating in a golden sea; and far off stretched a fairy continent with many a placid bay, and gleaming promontory, and silvery Alp. We gazed long, drinking deeply of the poetry of the scene—and as darkness gathered, we turned again towards the village, and after a rather long walk, found ourselves seated upon Gelston's back piazza, watching the first timid stars as they successively twinkled out in the fading twilight, and mirrored themselves in the placid expanse of the T— river before us. This was a favourite haunt of my friend R——. We had heard much of it from him at College—the beauty of the spot, and especially the choiceness of the liquids here mingled by the fat Hebe Gelston.

Know me gentle reader, at this time, as one by no means averse to the genial influences of Bacchus, yet priding himself on maintaining towards them a stern moderation and self-control, which no circumstances of temptation had as yet subverted. I therefore enjoyed with R—the good cheer put before us by our host, and under the inspiration of an excellent Havana, and a whiskey-punch, to which none but Gelston and Gelston's old whiskey were equal, indulged in the sentimental conversation which the scene, and the circumstances and glowing anticipations of my visit naturally suggested. We talked of College pranks, and College loves, (for my friend now ended,) of future prospects and settlements in life, of marriage—we talked of Judith. And here R— gave me her character, shrewd, witty, and well-read, indeed somewhat of a blue; a hater of common places, piquant, practical, with a decided 'penchant' for the romantic and the mysterious; and finally a profound admirer of literary attainments in others. He now also explained to me the 'rôle' he had chosen for me. In accordance with it, I had already been described to her as a man all intellect and imagination,—not sprightly but profound,—a thrilling writer, rather of the German Jean Paul school,—and as to personal qualities—retiring, sensitive, and serious, with inclinations turned rather toward the ministry. So, he thought, I could not fail to attract her regard; and though conscious rather, that my forte lay in an opposite direction, I accepted the character, and agreed in it to make my approach.

In this agreeable exchange of confidence, punch succeeded punch, and the hours passed unobserved, till the stroke of ten warned us that it was time to return home.

I have, even at this moment, a clear recollection of my consciousness at this time—a state of mind perfectly well possessed, though decidedly exhilarated; and I well remember a little incident that occurred previous to leaving, how mine host took me aside, and pleaded his almost paternal interest in my friend, R—, as a reason for the request that I would take good care of him home, as he was (so said mine host) "a little gone"—all which responsibility, a trivial one it seemed to me, I cheerfully assumed. I recollect also, my agreeable sensation in coming into

the open air, how balmy seemed the evening breeze, how light my step, how pleasant locomotion, how numerous were the stars, and how gaily they twinkled. These sensations must have been vivid, for I remember them even now. I have also some impressions of a stopping to take something at Barnum's, on the way home, though not very distinct; but beyond this, I have no recollections.

I was awaked the next morning, by a ray of the ten o'clock sun, streaming into my face through a crevice in the darkened windows, and was a little surprised to find myself in bed, with a couple of warm gallon jugs at my feet, a capacious mustard-plaster on my stomach, with a stiff neck, cravatted behind with a hand-breadth of sticking-plaster, and a headache, which as I rose in bed whirled through my brain like a rolling cannon ball. Upon looking around me, the prospect was no less extraordinary. On a chair lay my pantaloons, covered with red mud, and slit transversely at both knees, with my hat in a state equally disconsolate. Beside them were my boots, presenting a most singular appearance of abrasion at the toes, precisely similar to that which I used to notice in my school-boy days, after sliding "belly-gutter" down hill. But most horrible of all, on the floor by my bed, lay my coat,—my new coat—my tailor's 'chef-d'œuvre,' provided specially for this visit—in a state too awful to be described, but which I must leave to the imagination of the reader. Sinking back in bed, with a groan of horror and bewilderment, I exclaimed—"What is this! Where am I!"

These questions were saluted by a loud laugh, followed by the appearance of R——, from the Hall.

"Where are you? Why safe enough, if you will be still, and follow the prescriptions of the Doctor. You're a case of congestion of the brain, of the worst type; pulse torpid, respiration difficult and heavy, considerable fever, with perfect insensibility and signs of collapse. The Doctor has been at you half the night, and after doing his best, can make nothing of you. You are down, with all the symptoms in his note-book, for nothing less than catalepsy, and having only escaped embalming as "extraor-

dinary case" in the September number of the Medical Review, by this lucky resurrection."

"But seriously R——, tell me, what means this?"

"Why, you have been dead-drunk for twelve hours."

"Drunk!"

"Slightly, as you will believe, when I tell you, that within five minutes after leaving Barnum's, you intimated a desire to serenade somebody, asking my advice as to who the fair one should be,—and followed it up by singing "Old Rosin the Bow," before two houses in succession, ending each performance with an Indian yell, and a double shuffle in boots on the sidewalk. These symptoms were followed by exhibitions of a persevering intention to pitch head-foremost into the brick pavements, interrupting partially the desire for progress and for song. Next came a decided clinging to lamp-posts and fences,—shuffle omitted, and yell and song not so distinct as at first; then, an omission of all except the first two lines of the song, utterance rather indistinct, with frequent pauses; till finally you dropped like a log opposite Deacon Jones's. Being conscious of possessing no superfluous activity myself, the best I could do for you on the score of conveyance, was to secure the dray and assistance of a stout Irishman, then fortunately passing; and with this, and the sympathizing attentions of a procession of boys, who, with augmenting numbers, followed to pick up your hat when it fell, and to see the end of "the man in a fit," I succeeded in getting you home and to bed. 'Twas that last brandy-smash at Barnum's, that did your business."

"Oh! horrible! and the family, do they know all this?"

"Yes. They have full particulars from me, as follows:—you were seized with spasms, (to which you are unfortunately subject) and fell into my arms in a fit, while quoting the celebrated passage in the thirtieth of Horace's Epistles, to settle a discussion in which we were then engaged, as to the quantity of the word *Pleides*. Under these circumstances you have excited the deepest interest among the ladies, not only of the family, but of the neighborhood. Old ladies and spinsters flocked in by dozens, to offer attendance and sympathy, and were sitting on your case till midnight,—a perfect jury of matrons. In their hands, you have had the benefit

of all the various systems of practice,—cold-water, steam, and botanical. You have experienced all manner of applications at every point of the extreme corpus; ice at the back of the head, brandy at the temples, and hartshorn at the nose; hot bricks at the feet, scalding cloths wrung-out, mustard-plasters at the pit of the stomach, with friction and warm smoothing irons applied ‘ad libitum’ to the surface of the body generally. For internals, the suggestions have been as various. Miss Spriggins has insisted upon her invariable remedy of catnip-tea; while old Mrs. Brown, (bless the good soul, may she be my nurse) actually proposed a little whiskey and water, hot, with lemon and sugar, to which latter prescription, I need scarcely say, I gave decided backing, upon the principle of the maxim,—“Give a hair of the dog that bit,” &c. Under all these attentions, I am sorry to say, you maintained a rigid torpidity, returning no acknowledgement but an occasional grunt, and marring greatly by this unfeeling conduct, the popularity you had been rapidly achieving,—though perhaps gaining in proportion, on the score of the mysterious and the wonderful.

“As to Judith, who, with the rest arrived shortly after you,—and who affects latin, and dearly loves a dash of the tragic,—your mishap made a decided impression, and perhaps more predisposed her in your favor than any of the ordinary modes of introduction could have done. So you are a lucky man, and I am the only one who has suffered by the adventure. For, those little minxes, the Thomas girls opposite, who, though not sixteen, scent scandal with the zest of forty,—sharp, too, as razors, and who for some reason hate me like poison,—no sooner saw the body carried in, than they at once pronounced the disease to be dead-drunk, and the individual myself, and, though for the very purpose of preventing this misapprehension, I took pains to air myself in the moonlight before their windows, they have filled the town with reports to that effect. This very morning before breakfast, my old aunt from the other side of town, who nursed me, and has therefore from babydom had my morals in charge, came over in tears to howl at me.

“The doctor was of course called in early in spite of my protest,

and was sorely puzzled by your symptoms. As he looked through his books, your disease was in his opinion successively apoplexy, asphixia, congestion, epilepsy, and so on to the end of the alphabet. At last however, he acknowledged a difficulty in your case, and thought it better, in the absence of a clear diagnosis, as he said, to approach it with experimental treatment, directed to the local symptoms, until the disease should declare itself. And as your case evidently required decided practice, his first conclusion was in favor of a course of cupping. So in my absence for a few moments he commenced by putting his twelve-bladed scarificator into the back of your neck, and was about to repeat the operation, with the avowed determination of following it up with bleeding to the requisite extent, when I fortunately returned, and to save your life, was obliged to suggest in a whisper, that perhaps you "had been taking something." It was worth a dozen Macbeths in the ghost scene, to see the look of horror, with which the Doctor received the suggestion. He sloped immediately with his tail between his legs, leaving half of his instruments in his precipitation. He has been over this morning for them, looking as sullen as the deuce, and I rather suspect that he has ill-naturedly blown you, if I may judge from the quizzical looks of the girls below stairs."

"Oh, dreadful possibility, and Judith——"

"Suspects the truth, I'm afraid. She has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and takes to a joke wonderfully. She has however, just gone out for the morning, so you will have time to come down and smooth matters with the others, before her return."

Need I tell thee, gentle reader, that for that return I did *not* wait; but that sudden and important business demanded my immediate presence in Boston, and forced me to meet with a hasty adieu, the regrets and entreaties of my fair hostess, not by any means rendered more effective, by certain smiles of rather equivocal import, which even good-breeding could not entirely suppress: so that the hour of eleven found me sitting in the railroad car with back toward H——, breakfastless, head aching, with muddy elbows, and well aired knees—not too well covered by a short cloth cloak—with an humbled spirit, and mind fully made up,

on at least one point—never to trust myself again to the tender mercies of brandy smashes and old Irish whiskey.

That resolution I have faithfully kept to this moment; and when tempted to "look upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright, when it giveth its color to the cup,"—I have only to call up for my effectual protection, the humiliating recollections of my visit to H——, when in the position of the fool, so graphically described in holy writ—"though I was stricken, yet I knew no sickness; though they had beaten me, I felt it not."

P. W.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM SCHILLER.

The forest resounds, the clouds pass o'er
While the maiden sits on the stream's green shore,
As breaks the wave with boisterous might,
Thus she sighs in the gloomy night,—
Her eyes discolored with sorrow :—

"With its faded hopes—dead is my heart,
To me there's nought that the earth can impart;
Call back, O, Holy One, thy child,
Which living and loving here *has* smiled,
But has no smile for the morrow.

Thy falling tear-drops will flow in vain,
Nor thy mournful cries wake the dead again :
Yet now whate'er thy heart may soothe,
For the perished joys of parted love,
The Heavenly One will give.

Let my tearful drops still fall in vain,
Let the dead ne'er rouse at my mournful strain :
In the fond remembrance of past delight,
In sorrow and weeping for vanished light,
The mourner's heart doth live."

J.

THE INTERNAL.

Nature exhibits in her different genera an external which proves the existence of an internal; now in proportion as anything is occult or hidden to mere superficial inspection it becomes interesting to the inquiring and thoughtful mind. External phenomena are without doubt exceedingly interesting to observe and contemplate merely as external, but when by any means we are led to suppose the external an exponent of the internal, our interest and attention are concentrated upon it to a degree far surpassing that we bestowed upon the outward for its own sake alone: which seems to imply that the investigation of the occult is the more noble compared with the investigation of the superficial. It appears preposterous to suppose this self-evident fact should need proof were it not that almost all men practically, at least, believe it not.

Man lives two lives, and that contemporaneously; this of course is evident if the reader understand man's corporeal and spiritual life, but this we do not mean. Man considered only as a spiritual being lives two lives. The one generally is false the other must, necessarily, be true. The one is the external, the other the internal.

There is exceedingly little real thought in "the mass", or, rather it is not manifested, which in this case, is much the same. Hence we find men with the most marvelous foolishness, judging of their fellow-men, during their earthly existence by their external life, their outward show, their vain professions. And even after a man has rolled up the scroll of life and departed to the 'land of truth' if he is considered worthy of the honor a biography of externals must be written to hood-wink posterity. And what is still stranger it has come to be required that we shall place implicit confidence in the last words of a dying man, as though he who had with an adamant heart and an iron will, and an horrible bravery—lived, could not die an incarnate lie,—could not depart with respectable consistency.

It is not surprising that the best judges of character, and those most conversant with men and things, should know but little

with certainty concerning their fellow-men for they have but the external life to judge from, while the absolutely true, the internal is hidden in impenetrable darkness. But it may well excite our astonishment, that a man should be ignorant of himself, should be his own dupe, his own miserable victim; that he should become so habituated to judging from superficials, that omitting altogether to scrutinise the deep, solemn, true recesses of his soul, he should with kind complaisance judge of himself merely from his own deceitful external life. Alas for man that he is thus permitted to believe his own lie. Man ever weak, ever erring, ever foolish scans the actions; God all-wise looks upon the heart.

Let us not then trust to the pleasant smile, or the careless laugh; the one may be feigned to hide malevolence, the other may be an attempt to conceal from observation the bitter pang; and the tear and the groan, and the dishevelled hair, may be the means employed to veil unreasonable joy, or to exert an influence upon weak nerves—all these are but outward expressions, they may represent inward feeling—they may not. Nor would we teach the young and trusting heart misanthropy, or lead any to resort to isolation and dwell in solitude. Nor do we wish to draw a veil of gloom over all the gladsome delights of social intercourse. No! this is not our aim. We would simply have truth sought, which, whenever or wherever found amply compensates by its grand generalizations, for the little pain endured in the search. Let us study men and severally respect their characters, not that we may indulge in unsocial feelings but that we may be able to discern the false from the true, that we may be able to detect the difference between the counterfeit and the reality, that having placed our warm affection on some dear object, our breasts may not be rudely lacerated by finding our confidence misplaced, our priceless love thrown to the winds.

All, then, who would study character aright, should pay little or no attention to these externals not even when investigating their own dear characters. We should go deeper, we should probe the internal, we should explore its labyrinths, and when truly conversant with our own weakness, our failings, our depravity, we will have a comparatively true criterion by which to judge. Above

all we should despise appearances, and not allow our judgment to be imposed upon and put to sleep by the outward adornments, the external vestment which is sure to be most unexceptionable in those who would not have our investigations go farther. In the breast of the poor ragged wretch we met in our evening walk, and whom we avoided as we would the leprous, may exist emotions to aspirations which angels may regard with absorbing interest—while in the soul of the smiling, well-dressed villain, whom we call our friend, may be revolving schemes of seductive depravity, from which devils would turn away disgusted.

X. T. Q.

DAY-DREAMS.

Whose heart bounds not in more joyous measure? whose cheeks tingle not with redder color? whose eyes flash not with brighter sparkling at the mention or the thoughts of home? Who feels not the ecstatic influence of the name, we pity—he knows not the greatest pleasure which overflows our hearts with thanksgiving, and lightens the burden on every toilworn son of Adam. Heaven bless the poor man who feels not this most restraining, refining of all the emotions, who remembers no spot—still and secluded from the noisy life-combat—who has no home.

To every one—though bringing feelings of pure happiness—does this same name suggest Ideas, different perhaps as calm from storm, as the quiet current of a placid stream from the wild dashing, loud warring flow of a river over its rocky bed. To you perhaps gentle reader it brings back scenes of festive enjoyment, of the graceful waltz by the mild beaming of Astral Lamps—or “a slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier,” while to us more unsophisticated—it recalls the song of the oriole in his coat of orange and black—the livery of a noble house—as he carols his morning lovesong to his mate high hung in their ætherial hammock from the branches of the old oaks, which add by their shade to the quiet happiness of our home; you see in imagination, the

light flitting of fairy forms through the usages of the dance—the dream of the gorgeous hues of the morning sky, its cloud-battlements heaped in airy-nothingness in masses of blue and gold—of the fleecy shadows of the evening horizon, now flame-colored, now crimson, now of more delicate purple than ever rejoiced the eye of Tyrian maiden arrayed for her lover—now dark-darkening as sol retires before the inky mantle of fast following nox. We revel in imaginary enjoyment of the summer moonlight of home, such as is never seen or felt, to our thinking, elsewhere, though moonlight always to us, brings back sweet, saddening memories, thick thronging from the gloom of the past—when the cloudless azure above is first dotted with yon faint star—at first dim—then clearer—then bright as jewel on the polished brow of beauty. Then comes another and another, until the blue canopy is studded with drops of gold. There they are—seven in their bright beaming; ever beautiful, but oh! how much more so to us, to whom they bring back such fleeting visions of bygone hours, sad in their silent gliding through the heart.

Sad thoughts they create we said; for once to us the silence of those Druid oaks 'round our home, was interrupted by the ringing tones of a fairy music—their shadow was lighted by brighter smile than ever graced the face of the Paphian Queen—their solitude was made no solitude—to us a world, by the presence of lithier form, and more heavenly than we have since seen on earth. Oh then, that Druid grove was all in all to us, earth—heaven—life—happiness—we wished for no more, we thought of no more—but now, silent, shadowy, solitary in its own dark beauty, we shudder at and shun the old trees which once we were wont to love and linger under, with such a holy love. The very birds which once, in the branches joined in our hymns till the very air became musical, now seem to us to hop sadly and wearily from bough to bough, ever and anon uttering a chirp of complaint for the joyous past, and the absence of the form we both lament, now forever gone—by us to be seen no more.

We well remember the day of our return after a long absence at a northern College. 'Twas in the youth of the year, the middle of May; and the sunshine and showers of April still held their

reign of alternate smiles and tears. The morning had been dark and cloudy, but as we approached our house the black columns above seemed riven by a charge of the cavalry of light, and in broken detached masses retired from the field pursued by their victorious enemy. There you see that compact battalion, with uniforms of dark purple, retreat, fast followed by pursuing cohorts in gorgeous blue and gold—here are the regiments in black, faced with crimson, routed and flying in small squads, and the flame-colored plumes of their pursuers, speedily drive off every vestige of their once sternly beautiful array. Far onward over yon blue hills do the conquerors press on, and the sky in its beauty is left calm, serenely smiling on the earth which there raises her thousand voices in the triumph-hymn of the victor, for now

From earth, shade hath vanished
From sky, cloud hath fled,
And the west wind waileth sadly
The dirge of the dead.

But that requiem swells on the fitful breeze, now to a war-song of victory, and now in mellower, more joyous notes gives utterance to the holy anthem of earth to heaven—a Pæan to the God of light. All above is blue—all below, green—the colors of hope and youth—save when the scarlet top of the maple, or the white tuft of the locust contrasts with the prevailing hue of field and forest. But now we are deaf to the earth-hymns of joy, and blind to the glories of the sun-painted picture, widespread around us—for yonder, reader, just where you see that clump of sombre cedars, o'ertopped by the green head of the monarch of the woods, like a king holding royal court with his retinue around him—we see the chimney, undistinguishable, save by eyes of a child of those shades, and now you see those bright waters dancing gaily in the sunlight, like the cradle of blue haired mermaids, while far off, where water seems rounding into air, we imagine the faint shores too far for earthly vision. Now seest thou that form bounding forth to meet us—bright, blooming in its youthful beauty as e'er a greenwood fairy of yore, graceful as a gazelle, but there! that smile dies away, and now under the wild rose arch at the gate, she stands with one foot advanced, and head thrown back, one hand on the gate, the other with its taper fingers pressed to her

bosom to calm the beatings of her expectant heart, those light brown tresses falling in wavy richness o'er a brow and neck pure as Parian marble, those eyes, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," in whose flashing with the quick curl of that fine cut lip, disclosing its pearly treasure beneath—you may well discern the fire of noble blood, for we boast a descent from cavaliers, loyal as e'er were "sung by Bard of Border Chivalry"—but now the sunlight of a smile steals o'er the face of the sister as she recognizes a brother's voice. Those hours, happy in their noiseless flight, were too soon gone—forever. The spring around which the wild violets were wont to bloom with such rank luxuriance, not here the modest flower but arrogating supremacy, was hardly shorn of its bright border by the cutting frost—the green of the ground-ivy, half hiding its bell of pale pink and white, most beautiful, most modest, most fragrant flower of the wood was hardly dimmed by the shades of approaching winter—the blue bird had hardly deserted his nest at the gate which together we were wont to turn into and wonderingly look at the little callow things—ever crying for more—the roses then had hardly withered, ere her quick light step came low and sad to the listening ear—the blue of her eye once so deep and bright was filmed by the shadow of covering cloud, the bloom on the cheek was centred in the burning spot by the destroyer's touch and then the wind which in the spring of Joy and Hope had swelled with the joyful utterances of affection to a hymn of gladness now wailed a requiem sad and low as it mingled the seared leaves of the wild rose in autumn with the tears of a brother over a sister's grave, then a lonely shrine, now indeed surrounded by tombs of best loving and best loved—and by the sorrowful pilgrim only who yearly returns is the solitude felt—for he alone is lonely.

NEGATIVE CHARACTERS.

THE great mass of men live and act without independent thought. Feeling that there is some underworking, which causes the events that happen around them, when they perceive one who appears to have penetrated the outward veil which conceals causes and motives, they are ready to adopt his opinions, and surrender themselves to his influence. Hence we have what is called hero-worship. This is one phase of the dependence of man upon man. While men have human passions, perhaps much would not be gained if all thought for themselves. Who are the most effectual opposers of truth and right? Not the cowering sycophants, who fear to perform a single independent act. Whatever feelings or prejudices they entertain they do not by their actions exhibit them. Boldness forms no part of their character, and whatever act of wickedness requires bravery they refrain from. Is want of independent thought and action a virtue then? No, this is rather one of those cases in which the faults of individuals conduce to the general welfare. We despise the man who will not think for himself. In our calculations with regard to the conduct of men, we never expect that he who has no opinion in the quiet of home, will be able to maintain a position in the rapidly flowing current of opinion or in the midst of the crowd, when every one is hurriedly rushing to and fro regardless of those who are in the way. Such men can never become influential. They live to live! they die and their neighbors bury them, and the world forgets or knows not that they have lived. We cannot regard such characters with favor. It is true no one may have been harmed by them; but as the man of wickedness walked by them they threw no stumbling block in his way. When the armies of good and evil were fiercely contending, they were not found in the ranks of virtue. Even when the enemy entered their own domain of hereditary opinion they preferred to surrender to the maintenance of the conflict, and allowed themselves to be trampled upon by any party who might happen to pass by them.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S., Author of "The History of Europe." William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London.

THE perusal of a good book is a privilege we cannot too highly estimate. It comes like some good friend with knowledge in one hand and instruction in the other, and as it unfolds to our view its precious contents seem to betoken a rich harvest of which we must be the reapers. What a relief it is to turn from the perusal of some trashy novel, in which truth and fiction are interwoven by the most skilful hands, to those works which bear upon them the impress of a master hand, who has built on the foundation of good sense a noble structure of thought. It is with feelings like these that we have just arisen from the perusal of the "Life of John, Duke of Marlborough." Such a character and one depicted by such a writer as Alison cannot fail to excite in every reader the most intense interest.

We would not endeavor at this time to go through his whole life, for this would take too much time and space; besides our humble endeavors could not do justice to so worthy an object; but we would only suggest a few reflections which arise from reading this valuable and entertaining book: The principal cause of Marlborough's elevation was his beauty and grace of manners; of his success, his knowledge of the human heart. "His uncommonly handsome figure (says Alison,) then attracted no small share of notice from the beauties of the court of Charles II. and even awakened a passion in one of the royal mistresses herself, i. e., the Countess of Castlemaini, afterward Duchess of Cleveland, then the favorite mistress of Charles II. who had distinguished him by her regard before he embarked for Africa, and made him a present of £5000 with which the young soldier bought an annuity of £500, which laid the foundation, says Chesterfield, of all his subsequent fortunes." Beauty might have gained him an elevation, but he could not have retained it had it not been for the knowledge he possessed of the *human heart*. It was this which enabled him to keep together three natures in many respects totally

different from one another. It was this which led him to mark with skilful eye, the very time the passions were most in play; when urged on by revenge, hatred, and glory, their only desire was for the combat; then at that very moment he shouted the cry of "Onward." Then it was that coming down like a resistless flood, they swept all obstacles before them; then it was that the hitherto invincible armies of Louis XIV, recoiled before that resistless shock, and for the first time felt themselves conquered, as they drank the bitter cup of defeat.

Although Marlborough had not enjoyed a liberal and classical education during youth, yet he improved all the advantages of a literary kind which were offered him in after life, and in the camp of the Marshal Turenne, received a military education more useful to him than all the Greek and Latin tomes which were ever written.

He here saw all classes of men mingled together in one confused mass, from the marshal to the stately grenadier, from the peasant to the prince, and so well did he improve this advantage of studying man, that when he was called to take command of an army, he gained an influence over the wills of his soldiers, so great that he had but to speak the word and be obeyed; and when he, to carry out some well devised scheme, led his faithful followers into dangers from which there seemed to be no deliverance, they would console one another by the remark, "Never mind, Corporal John will get us out safe." But we would not have it thought that we attribute his successes to beauty or this kind of knowledge. No! to these must be added his valor and intrepidity in the field.

For some time Louis XIV had been advancing in power and dominion, till at last all Europe began to tremble for their safety. His fame and success preceded him wherever he went, and instead of battering down with his cannon the walls of cities, many opened their gates to him even at his command alone.

But now appeared a general who not only dared to oppose him, but opposed him so successfully as to hurl back across the Rhine, his boasted legions, and lay the flower of his nobility in the dust. To Marlborough, therefore, were the eyes of Europe now turned, and he who was formerly known at the fair court of Charles II, by the soubriquet of the handsome young Englishman, was now

known among the nations of Europe, as the conquerer of Louis XIV. On him therefore, hung in a great measure, the fate of the war, and consequently of England, Austria and Holland. He stood like another Atlas, bearing on his shoulders the fate of Europe. To prove this we need but follow him in his triumphant course, and soon the victories obtained by his arm were lost when that arm was withdrawn. But this we will leave reader, as we have already trespassed so much on your time and patience. Let us now turn to the writer of this work. Mr. Alison has already gained for himself a celebrity by his "History of Europe." Few writers and historians of the present day enter so far in their investigations. He, not satisfied with the bare narration of facts, seeks out the cause and effect of every incident which occurs in History. Nor does he stop here; he judges with impartial reason the characters which come on the stage of history, and while he seeks out one from the many actors, does not strive to hide their faults, or suffer himself to be dazzled by their success. Moreover he clothes his narratives in the most beautiful language, and sometimes in his descriptions of character bursts into strains of real eloquence. To you, however, reader, we leave the perusal of this work, and to your better judgment the deciding of its merits.

MINOR.

THE EXPECTANT.

Rays of sunlight now are slanting
 On the cot and castle wall,
 And the beams of light are stealing
 Through the broad and lonely hall,
 But the castle's lovely Ladye,
 Looketh sad among them all.

Songs of birds are rising clearly
 O'er the uplands, far away,
 And the river windeth slowly,
 And the fountains softly play,
 But the Ladye at her lattice
 Looketh sad when all are gay.

Looketh far o'er hill and valley,
 With a watching, wan and lone,

Waits she for a weary rider,
Who hath been a twelvemonth gone,
Waits she, with an eye all tearless;
Grief hath turned her heart to stone.

When the large fair moon is beaming
O'er the palings of the park—
When the stars shine pure above her,
And no eye is there to mark,
Stands the ladye at her lattice,
Gazing sadly in the dark.

Till her pale cheek groweth paler,
And her eyes are glazed and dim,
And the nightingale's sweet singing
Is her only requiem.
But the dead eyes, fixed and staring,
Still are keeping watch for him.

Oh! the true knight sleepeth coldly
'Neath the same pale waning moon,
Oh, the Ladye too lies calmly
In her shroud of midnight gloom.
Death has won the Brave and Lovely
In tented field, and castle room.

ÆSTHETICS

WITH all its boasted advancement in science and knowledge, there has been no period of civilization, so comparatively barren in the department of the fine arts, as the present. However great and thoughtful it may be, it is inferior in its works of art, to what it terms "darker ages." Instead of striking out an independent course for itself, it is content with imitating and multiplying what is already in existence. The spirit and ideas of the age are not seen in its fine arts, except they be expressed by its servility to the past. Its principal aim is the accomplishment of mere physical results. Those who are continually asking "why have we no national literature?" might find in this a solution of the problem. The development of mind is, to a great degree, in subjection to the utilitarian spirit of the age. That part of the mind which takes cognizance of the beautiful does not meet with its due appreciation. The demands of the age are upon the ra-

tional part of our nature. Hence our systems of culture all tend in this direction. Mathematics is made a machine to develop and train the reasoning powers. But in none of our systems is æsthetics allowed to enter except in an incidental way. This neglect of æsthetic culture we regard as a radical error. The sense of the beautiful as really belongs to the mind as any of its faculties. Beauty as a characteristic of objects, or as an emotion awakened by objects is universally recognised. Otherwise the term could not be used by all to express the same conception of the mind. And if we possess an æsthetic faculty, it cannot be disregarded without detriment. This is true whether we regard it as an original and distinct faculty, or the result of a combination of other powers.

Symmetrical development alone would demand its culture. From the intimate connection of all the powers of the mind, it is evident that they were intended to afford mutual assistance—that they were to produce their effect in their united capacity. Each faculty forms a part of a complicated machinery, in which it exerts an influence upon all the rest. If therefore, any one is deficient, or set aside, it is not a loss of that power alone. The other faculties must suffer to the extent of its influence upon them. They can no longer produce the same effect in their collective capacity. The mind must diverge from what its original constitution would require it to be. It cannot comprehend the whole truth because the faculty adapted to one department of truth is dormant. This must destroy its just equipoise and create a one-sided tendency. Most especially will this be the case, if the æsthetic part of our nature be neglected—if the faculty which takes cognizance of the beautiful be uncultivated. Its primary office appears to be to moderate, soften, and keep in their just equilibrium the other powers of the mind. It brings the softening and refining influences in contact with our nature. Without æsthetic culture we lose the salutary influence of the whole realm of beauty. One is unable to let in upon his soul, with their proper and full effect the influences, whence the finer feelings of his nature receive their appropriate nourishment. Music with its enrapturing and delicate strains is appreciated only in its lower sense. The

beauty expressed by the design, order, and proportion of the architect arouses but feebly the high conceptions that belong to it. The elevating sentiments that can only be expressed on canvass by the painter, must remain among the unknown. We lose the elegance and polish that we should receive from "the poet's finer fancies and lighter thought."

The effect of art is not to effeminate but to refine. The delicate sensibility of the Greeks, resulting from contact with the noble productions of their artists did not in the least weaken their vigor of thought, but gave them that symmetry and truthfulness which made them models for the imitation of others. Their own powers were alive to the impression of the beautiful. They saw and felt it for themselves.

But this part of our nature is not confined to the offspring of our own inventive powers for its nourishment. The giver of the faculty has also given a field for its appropriate exercise. Nature, the prototype of art, spreads out its abundant beauties. The artist may express noble, beautiful thought, nature presents supreme elegance, divine beauty to our view. But it requires high æsthetic culture to give a true interpretation to the beauties, with which all nature is irradiated, or that art may produce.

SYS.

COMMERCE.

Commerce began its existence with the earliest dawn of man's associated energies; and so earnest was the race in its prosecution that the earth was not old before the ships of commerce rode upon all the seas, and the caravans of trade trod the sandy deserts of the ancient world. Far back in the beginnings of Jewish history—a history which, like a lofty mountain itself firm and firmly based extends where only clouds and mist surround its lofty summit—we read of the prevalence of trade. The band of Ishmaelites to whom the envious brethren sold the hated Joseph was not

the only one which passed through Dothan on their way to Egypt "with camels bearing spicery and balm."

The glories of Tyre have long since passed away. A few fishermen now walk those quiet streets which of old resounded with the tread of the crowding people, and the sounds of the artisan's strokes, and their wretched huts occupy the sites of noble palaces and stately edifices, for *there* in the olden time were visible the splendors of commerce. At this "entry of the sea" centuries ago, Tyre sat in perfect beauty. The nations which skirted the Mediterranean sent their fruits to her markets, while the varied products of rich and fertile lands poured upon her from the surrounding nations. And thus filled with plenty and covered with beauty, long did Tyre continue an illustrious monument of the pristine triumphs of commerce.

Driven out at last from Tyre, by war, its ancient enemy, commerce sought other homes, and like the magic lamp of oriental tale caused cities to spring up in a night, adorned with all magnificence for her reception. She decked Carthage with her splendors, so that the wandering Æneas as he entered,

"with wonder saw the stately towers
Which late were huts and shepherd's homely bowers,—
The gates and streets; and heard from every part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart."

She reared Palmyra in the desert, and made the city of Zenobia the envy of the Roman and the fear of the Persian. And when the spirit of conquest had pursued her even to the deserts—when Aurelian had made a ruin of Tadmor, leading her queen and senators in triumph to the Imperial city, and scattering her traders through the surrounding wastes, commerce, still undaunted by the ruin which marked her proudest glories made other cities to vie with Palmyra in magnificence. Her triumphs continued too, amidst the neglect of other departments of human activity. As she had reared Tyre long before Grecian taste was employed in art and song or Grecian philosophers discoursed of the supreme good in the groves of the Academy, and in the market place of the people, so she continued to flourish when the triumphs of Grecian taste had ceased—when learning found an asylum only in the cloister of monks—when pyramidal piles were no longer reared

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and triumphal arches were unknown in the city of the Cesars, for it was then that Venice was in her glorious beauty. Daughter of the sea no less by commercial relations than by situation—built *by* the waters no less than *among* them—no prosperous gales blew over the Adriatic that did not waft her ships upon their journey, and no glowing suns ripened the products of the willing earth, that did not contribute to the wealth which filled her markets.

Yet not alone amid these shores of classic recollections did commerce shine, but far away in this western world, while Venice was crowded with the palaces of her merchants, the capital of the Aztecs, reared its temples and palaces in the morning sun, and while the caravans of commerce bore their precious burdens over the Arabian deserts, the Aztec merchant led upon trading excursions a train which could withstand an army. And, coming forth from the palsyng influences of the middle ages, having found in this western world a new field for her extension, and pressing into her service the mechanical inventions which then and since have come, commerce has been constantly extending her relations until her ships cover all seas, her returns fill all our store-houses, and her busy activity pervades all our streets.

In accounting for the early rise, the universal diffusion, and the continued prevalence of commercial pursuits, we are reminded of the fact that commerce affords a legitimate employment, for all the mental energies of our nature. In its early rise it was doubtless those to whom the calm and even lives of their shepherd fathers was distasteful, that sought to gratify an excitable temperament by the roving pursuits of the ancient trader, and in our own day many who frequent the marts of trade, find more delight in the manifold excitements of an extended business, than even in the possession of the results of fortunate ventures.

Nor are the benefits of commerce to our race, confined merely to the supply of physical wants, or to the increase of physical comforts. There is an employment of the intellect, in the plans and calculations of a business life, oftentimes as intense as that which watches the motions of the heavenly bodies, or investigates the phenomena of nature or of mind. The ships which return to our ports laden with the products of distant lands, bear with them also

the history, the literature, and the science of the countries they have visited. The relations of trade give birth to intellectual ties, and civilization follows commerce even to the coasts of barbarous nations. Then "stretch out thy giant arms, and strike deep thy 'gnarled and unwedgable roots', oak of the forest. Something more than dull, dead matter—a moral power art thou—for skill shall hew thee into timber, and thou shalt float upon the waters. Commerce shall spread her sails over thee, and mindful or unmindful of her high destiny, she is preparing a path along which civilization will go upon her glorious mission." And while the oak shall grow in the forest, and the sea roll within its appointed bounds, while seed-time and harvest shall recur, and man continues a being of energies and power, so long shall the laborers launch the ships with shouting, earth shall fill them with her products, and commerce send them over the waters. H.

PUBLIC OPINION.

There are few men who do not aim at the acquirement of something, which they consider valuable. To the attainment of this object some incentive is requisite. The motive power in man's mind, is as varied as the minds acted upon. It is difficult to tell precisely the motives actuating any one, though it is impossible so to cloak counsel, but that actions will sooner or later be the index to them.

Judging in this way, it will be conceded that public opinion is the shrine at which too many worship. Here they erect an altar upon which they sacrifice honor, honesty, and that ambition, the lawful mainspring to all individual action. Upon this prejudiced, ever-varying shout, would they stake even their reputation. We would not presume to assert that public opinion never advocates true principles, but from the manner in which opinions are formed in the minds of most men, and propagated, it is not probable that they should be founded generally upon true principles, and if sound principles be found, that just inferences should be drawn

therefrom. It is not possible that all sources whence knowledge may be drawn, or subjects upon which judgments may be formed, should be investigated thoroughly by all men. They are incapable of weighing the bearings of these various subjects in their varied relations. On the contrary, there are very few criticising inquirers after knowledge—very few who analyze subjects, and pursue them to their rational source—who examine whence truth springs, and how inferred. Men generally cannot find time for so criticising a search, and if they could, and were qualified for so doing, it is natural to imbibe ideas from others, rather than labor themselves. Such ideas are generally received with but superficial investigation. Prejudices and opinions for which no reasons are assigned, because there are none assignable, will from our very natures be entertained, simply because they are pressed upon the mind. These prejudices, being communicated to others, by means of instruction and the interchange of ideas will form public opinion. Prejudices are most easily communicated to children, and wrong judgments of men and things, must naturally follow. Credulity, a great enemy of truth, and a great furtherer of deceit, is most characteristic of childhood. Not having strength of mind to judge what persons and reports are credible, they trust to the seeming better judgment of their elders. But too often is it the case that "the chiefest sinew and strength of wisdom, is not easily to believe." This error, though at first an unnoticed stream, will increase and that rapidly, to a mighty river, whose pestiferous damps will poison all the healthy, luxurious plants of truth growing upon its banks. Before the balance wheel of action can be regulated, this loadstone must be removed. The evil must be seen in its true light, before remedies will be sought for. A healthy public opinion forms the greatest barrier against the encroachment of contaminating influence—against those spirits ever ready to stir up discord, that they may fatten upon the spoils. The converse of this is equally true. From the nature of our institutions, no country is more subject to this curse than our own. Here, too, are its effects most manifest. The conduct of its deluded worshippers, and the effects of that conduct upon everything whereby influence may be exerted, is as injurious as the breath of the

deadly upas. He who would teach contrary to its prejudices must breast a current deep and strong. It is enough for us to know that popular opinion, may and has so far been corrupted, as well nigh to destroy both literary and political manliness—that literature, patriotism, and true ambition are plants of rare growth—that the cutting, blasting frosts of popular feeling destroys each gem and bud of promise as it unfolds itself. The Orator—the Writer—the Statesman, and even the Poet, is forced to truckle to this false standard. One stands before the public to please. Another cons carefully his sentiments and words, lest aught unfashionable appear. Another sees everything in the light of party, permitting his political code to take the place of conscience. Another sacrifices sublimity and pathos, to gain an admiring crowd. Such is the natural tendency of corrupt public opinion. Such being the case, it becomes us to study the nature of the disease, and having discovered its origin, to devise a remedy.

Nothing but the moulding of the mind into correct views of life—its ends—its duties, can give that tone to public opinion which will render it subservient to the most beneficial purpose. If the mind has not correct views, in regard to its duties to society, it must go astray constantly. Like the spirits of a vast multitude, they must be controlled by some master mind, directing those energies to one common aim, or each man following the promptings of his own feeling, a mob will be formed of those constituents capable of performing, if rightly directed, deeds of lofty daring and resulting in lasting benefit. Some power capable of concentrating the opinions of society, toward their common good, must be expected. The propagation of true views in regard to the varied relations and duties of life, and of all those objects of which the majority of men take cognizance, is the only means by which a sound pulse may be given to Public Opinion. A nation possessing this, need feel no assaults; without it no one is safe. It is the defender of religious and political freedom. The friend of truth, it will ever prove the enemy of a country's enemies. Its workings will be uniform and unnoticed, but most apparent when most required.

S. P. W.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have at last got our Magazine dressed up in the best suit we have to give it, and we now send it forth, commending it to the tender mercies of our "dear" readers. We have no inclination at this time to meet the objections constantly urged against this whole enterprise of a college periodical. Nor will we, however much inclined, indulge in vituperation for not having received the support we had a right to expect. Perhaps the general opinion in our little world coincides with the sentiment that silence is the "chiefest" virtue. Possibly it is owing to genuine modesty that so few articles are written for the public gaze. We will hope so, at least. We are unwilling to believe that there is no thought, no good thought within these walls. Perhaps it may be from an unwillingness to divert the mind from more important studies, that the pen is so seldom taken up for the "Monthly."

However this may be, the editorial corps in retiring are conscious of having endeavoured to perform their duty. They hope that they have met your expectations and succeeded to some extent in their efforts to amuse and entertain. The Magazine has not only struggled through another year's existence but we flatter ourselves that we have it in higher favor with our "public" than when it came into our hands. A proof of this is that there has been no thought of its discontinuance. Our successors are already prepared to take our places. We most heartily wish them success; hoping that even in distant years we may find the Nassau Literary Magazine holding a prominent position among College periodicals.

We have a few remarks to make on some of the rejected articles.

The author of the lines to J. . . . W. . . . is in a pitiable condition. Some fair one unfortunately crossed his path. He was captivated and the affection was reciprocated for a time, but alas! she proved faithless. A poetical epistle is the consequence. The concluding stanza may serve as a specimen.

"'Tis sorceress—mad as it may seem
With all thy craft such spells adorn thee,
What passion e'en out-lives esteem
And I at once adore—and scorn thee."

No one can complain that the beautiful is not sufficiently appreciated in this case.

"The Student's Bacchanalian" seems to have been written in a state of considerable mental elevation, as was befitting such a subject. It commences

"The night winds are sighing,
The moon is on high,
The stars they are peeping
Through the belt of the sky."

We can't imagine how it happened that the stars were peeping through only a belt of the sky. Perhaps this belt was the milky way; the other stars being invisible in consequence of some temporary defect of vision. His elevation is not only manifested by his free use of the moon and stars. He has a sense of security which a "Bacchus" should not possess. His knowledge too, seems to be beyond that of ordinary mortals. Listen to his next stanza.

"A bright angel keeps
A vigil—as sleeps
The professor to-night,
On his couch of delight.
He cannot now come,
He no longer doth roam
O'er campus and green,
As the snowy winged sprite,
That glides through the night,
And in field or lone glade,
Appears to the fear-stricken maid,
He slumbers serene."

We should have thought that to him listening to the "harmony of the spheres," some of the above verses would have sounded harshly. Even to our inexperienced ears, there seems something wrong. But enough of "Bacchus."

We hope nothing serious will take place, from the publication of the following spirited critique. Literary quarrels are generally of the most bitter kind, but happily, for the most part, end only in words. Did we not think so we should hesitate in publishing this letter.

RIENZI'S SATIRE.

Dear Sir:—In the last number of your magazine, Rienzi made a bold attempt at satire. This is the only production of his that we have seen. We are sorry to say that we can find nothing in it to admire; but on the contrary much to condemn. It is written in a coarse, ungainly style; the epithets he applies to the writer of the playful little piece commencing "Princeton is a famous town," are such as no gentleman would apply to another. From the satire and one or two other performances of Rienzi's, we should think that they were far more applicable to Rienzi's self than to any body else. We have a few strictures to make upon this satire; they will be rather disconnected, but we hope neither inappropriate or ill-timed.

In the first place Rienzi says,

"There comes a man himself the beast,
Who strives to make for himself a name,
By robbing others of their fame."

We would merely ask Rienzi, how it is possible for any one to be robbed of "that which he has not." Or how any one can make himself a name when he will not tell who he is.

"He speaks his lies as if others said."

Can any one tell what is the meaning of that verse? "As if others said"—said what, Rienzi?

"The lie it proves stuck in his throat."

What lie stuck in his throat, and what proves that it did? Was it because he scribbled wrote for written? Is it a proof Rienzi that a man lies, and that the lie sticks in his throat, because he uses a wrong word? Strange proof, strange too that Rienzi who we have heard considers himself a gentleman should openly call a man a liar, merely because he has dared to criticise him—a would-be poet.

"And laugh at every vicious whim
That flows from such a hollow reed,
Whose brains are naught but pumpkin seed."

Solomon said that there is nothing new under the sun. He surely did not know Rienzi, or he never would have spoken it, or if he did he would have recalled it immediately. There we have "vicious whims" flowing from "hollow reeds," these reeds have brains which are "pumpkin seeds."

"But if the muse should fail to bind,
Her wreath around that mellow rind."

What mellow rind is Rienzi talking about? He has not mentioned such a thing before. True he has made several insinuations that some one had a strange kind of cranium. They were very mysterious, but we cannot for the life of us tell what this means. Neither can we in sober reality conceive what Rienzi intended to do when he wrote this satire. If he thinks scurrility is wit, we must inform him that he is very much mistaken. He calls the writer of the former piece "the beast;" does he mean to say that the gentleman who criticised him a little, was the "pony horse" which he sometimes exhibits himself upon. We do not know Rienzi personally. But we have heard that he told one, "that his poetry must be right and faultless, for it was unlabored, it flowed from his naturally poetic spirit;" to another his words were, "you may criticise Lamartine—you may criticise Macaulay, but you shan't criticise me." This would seem to imply that Rienzi considered himself either perfect, or else so privileged that no one had a right to question the merits of his poetry. Either of which can never be. Perfection is not to be found upon the earth, nor are the doggerel verses of a boy sixteen years old, so exquisitely fine as to be beyond the province of criticism. In conclusion we would merely ask Rienzi, if his ma is aware what a hero he is making of himself in "Princeton town."

Do not fear fellow Seniors, in looking for a few parting words, that we intend to excite disgust by representing the greatness of your responsibility. We will not urge it upon you that your advantages are possessed by few others, that the old generation is passing away, and that the world looks to you to take their places. All this is very true; but you already know—feel it, and we would not have you suspect that you are unqualified. That you may learn the end of life and manfully fulfil it, is the sincere desire of your unworthy classmate, the

EDITOR.

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